

## Set Me Free Part 2

by Kay Brooker

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Summary: This is Part 2 of the original "Set Me Free" by my former account K. Brooker. Due to computer issues, I was not able to log into my old account, so I have created a new one for story proposes. I will be starting this half of the story from Chapter 9, so if you want to know what is going on, I suggest you read the first half of the story first. Thank you to all who read and review!

### 1. Chapter 9

\*\*\_Hello again Readers! I do hope I regain my original following from the first half of this story! I am sorry to say, but I was not able to log into my previous account of K. Brooker, due to computer issues. So I have created a new account and am going to keep posting my 'Set Me Free' story! Thank you for reading!\_\*\*

\*\*\_~K. \_\*\*

### \_Chapter 9\_

After wiping the blood off of her hands as best she could, Cai snuck her way out of the house, leaving Sam's lifeless body where it lay. If someone chanced to stumble upon it, which was very likely, well, shit happens.

Cai stayed in the shadows of the house as best she could with the flickering light of the fire bouncing against the wall. She was surprised that Michael was staying in the dark. Due to his size and all, she could have sworn they'd have been spotted by the drunkards by now.

The duet picked a spot behind a few trees to sit and wait. The darkness of the woods kept them fully hidden from any probing eyes. Cai watched the people sitting around the fire carefully. Apparently, since she'd been in the run-down home busy with Sam, another figure joined the drinking one. Cai recognized the long brown, braided hair

and the glint of glasses on the figure's face. Dana had joined the party it seemed.

Cai stayed where she was for a while. Her legs were beginning to cramp from standing still for so long. Finally, she saw one of the people stand up and take a swig of their drink.

"I gotta piss." Cai recognized the drunken voice of Tyler. His red hair shone gold in the fire light. Dana gave him some sort of reply and Tyler stumbled away into the woods.

Cai saw this as a perfect opportunity. She crept through the edge of the trees towards the area Tyler disappeared. It didn't take long to find him as his stumbling made for a lot of noise. Cai tried to stay quiet. If Tyler saw her, he would for sure get the others' attention.

Cai heard the sound of a zipper being unzipped and the splashing of liquid on the ground. She cringed. \_Gross-out Level: Tylerâ€|\_ She thought. He never was the most sanitary, or well-mannered guy in Haddonfield.

Cai stopped suddenly when she heard the zipper being re-zipped. "Shit." She whispered and ducked down low as Tyler went ambling by, back to the fire pit. Cai had wanted to take him out in solitude, but it looked like she'd have to get more creative with this one.

Back at the edge of the woods, Cai watched Tyler sit back down in his seat. She watched closely, waiting, listening.

"So, Danaâ€|?" Tyler spoke, scooting closer to Dana on the bench with a drink in hand.

Dana looked over at him. "Yes?"

"Everyone else is in the house." He said. "We're all alone."

"So." Dana's tone was tart.

"Well, I thought we could, ya know," Tyler put his beer down. "Have a little fun."

"Um, yeah, I don't think so." Dana crossed her arms, obviously having none of Tyler's advances.

"But, it's just us." Tyler said in a sly voice, trying to get her to yield. "No one would know." He slid closer to Dana still, leaning into her.

"Tyler, no." Dana spoke as if she was talking to a dog. "I would rather we didn't"

"Come on, Dana!" Tyler sounded exasperated. He wrapped his arm around her waist and leaned his weight onto her so she was pushed down onto the bench.

"I said no!" Dana snapped. She pushed him away and moved to the other side of the fire.

Cai heard Tyler mumble something that sounded like stupid bitch, but

she couldn't be sure. Watching the spectacle, Cai decided that now was as good a time as she would have. She liked Dana, sort of. Dana had never hurt her, though she followed Jeremy's group around wherever they went.

Cai walked out of the woods with Michael close on her heels. She grabbed a decent sized tree branch along her way and gripped the rough bark tightly in her hands. It didn't take long for her to enter the light of the flames. Dana was the one who saw her first. She stood bolt upright from her seat and gasped.

"C-Cai!" Dana's voice was surprised. Cai noticed her eyes go wide. She knew Dana had seen Michael behind her and a small smile made a home on Cai's face. But she kept moving, heading towards Tyler, who was still oblivious to her approach.

Dana didn't move as Cai positioned herself behind Tyler. "You know," Cai began. She finally got the boy's attention as he swiveled around to face her.

"Well, look who it is!" Tyler slurred. "Crazy girl wants to play fairy princess!" He pointed to the branch in her hand. It was almost as tall as she was, so Cai had no idea how Tyler could have mistook it for a wand. Drunken minds were a mystery.

"You knowâ€|" Cai said again, with more cruelty this time around.  
"It's not nice to make advances when they've already told you  
'No.'"

"Oh, yeah?" Tyler stood up, wobbled a little, and then put his arms out to the side. "What are you gonna do about it, huh? Put a spell on me?" He laughed.

"No." Cai said and with both hands, she thrust the branch at Tyler. It hit him square in the shoulder and with a yelp; Tyler fell backwards into the fire.

The flames quickly found purchase in his clothing. Cai watched as he flailed around and yelled, trying to put out the fire. He jumped up and ran for the woods, away from the house, screaming all the way. The fire had scorched Tyler's clothes and now had made their way onto his skin. Even from this distance, Cai could see his skin boiling and turning black. It wasn't a minute before Tyler finally fell onto his face, dead. The fire still burned in small patches across his head and back.

Dana could only stand there and cover her mouth as shock took hold of her. She looked between Tyler's smoldering corpse and Cai's calm face.

"W-wh-what did you doâ€|?" Dana asked through her fingers.

Cai calmly walked up to Dana and stood inches from her face. "I suggest you go get the police." Cai whispered back, her tone foreboding.

Dana took a few, unsteady steps backwards before whipping around and bolting past Tyler's seared body and into the forest. Cai didn't hear any screaming from Dana, which was surprising to her. Cai waited a moment while the last of the fire flickered off of Tyler's

corpse.

She turned back to face the house. The glow of the fire pit made shadows dance against the outer wall. "Next." She said and began walking back to the building.

Michael let Cai pass him on her way presumably back to the house. He didn't know why she'd let the brown haired girl run away, but he knew she had her reasons. Michael adjusted his mask and lumbered after Cai. Her steps were quick and light, while his were heavy and fierce. He could stomp in someone's skull, but her small feet couldn't even break a finger. Well, he was sure her feet could do some serious damage.

As he followed, Michael couldn't help but catch the slight scent of Cai's shampoo as it drifted from her hair as she walked. He inhaled deeply. The scent of oranges teased his nostrils. His pace picked up and soon he was nearly touching Cai. His hand brushed against her clothes. That was the last straw. He leaned down, hooked one arm behind Cai's legs and the other behind her back, and lifted her into his embrace.

"Whoa!" Cai gasped. "What are you—"

Michael pulled her into him roughly. He wanted to hold her, hug her, feel her against himself. He held her tightly, standing stock still in the clearing.

"Okay," Cai said after a long and not so unpleasant silence. "Settle down big guy." She spoke good-humoredly. "I can be put down now."

Regretfully, Michael obeyed. He didn't think she understood what he was trying to tell her.

. . . . .

Cai smoothed out her clothes once she was on the ground. Her face went hot and she knew her cheeks were turning red. There was something about how Michael had held her. Sure, it was crude and he had sandwiched her against his chest with his strong arms, but the emotions behind it were sweet.

"We should keep going." Cai lifted her head so she could look into Michael's mask. He tilted his face slightly to the side and Cai was convinced he'd seen how red her face was. She resumed walking to the house, reassured by the heavier footsteps that followed hers.

It took only a lot of effort to get Michael up to the second story of the house without being heard. The stairs creaked under his boots and the floorboards moaned with each of his steps. Luckily, they hadn't been heard. Not by what Cai heard coming from one of the rooms anyways.

"Keep quiet." Cai reminded Michael, putting a finger to her lips. She crept towards a door that had been left open slightly. She pushed on it lightly, causing it to open. The hinges didn't make a sound, but the people in the room sure did.

It was Jake and Chrissie, and they were going at it like rabbits. The

small room had nothing but a mattress, a couple blankets, a pillow, and a cracked window, but that didn't seem to stop the two lovers.

Cai stood in the doorway, watching them. Jake was lying on his back urging Chrissie to keep going with not-to-family-friendly phrases. Needless to say, both of them were naked. Chrissie's bare butt faced Cai and Michael as it bounced up and down to the rhythm she'd set.

The entire scene made Cai feelâ€| strange. Even though she wasn't facing him, she could feel the heat coming off of Michael's body. Her cheeks flushed again.

"H-hey!" Cai was broken out of her thoughts at Jake's shouting voice. She brought her gaze to Jake's bewildered face. Chrissie stopped moving and fell down beside Jake. When she made eye contact with Cai, she quickly covered her bare chest with the sheet. Jake, on the other hand, left himself in all his God given glory uncovered for all to see.

"What do you think you're doing!?" Jake shouted at Cai. He stood up and walked towards the door, his tent still pitched. "Don't you know what 'Do Not Disturb' mean- " His words slowed towards the end and Cai knew he recognized her.

"Huh." He scoffed. "Didn't think \_you'd \_show up the party." He stepped closer, his gate became cockier, and that was not a pun. Cai backed away a little. Michael wasn't there.

Jake continued. "What do you say to a littleâ€| " He got to the door and grabbed Cai by the arm. "Three-way, while you're here?"

"Let go of me." Cai said, trying to free herself. Jake gripped her harder and pulled her into the room. "Come now. It'll be fun." A smile was on Jake's face as he reached for her shirt.

"Stop!" Cai yelled. Right when she spoke, thunderous footsteps entered the room and Cai felt a hand grip the fabric of her shirt and saw another wrap its fingers around Jake's throat. The hand left Cai's shirt and Michael stomped forward with Jake in his grasp. It wasn't a second later that the window was shattered and Jake was lying on the ground in a heap of broken bones on the ground two stories below.

Michael stood at the window for a moment before bringing his fist back and punching the wall hard enough to leave a hole. He paced the floor back and forth, anger obviously boiling in his bloodstream.

Cai saw movement out of the corner of her eye and turned her attention to a terrified Chrissie making her way towards the door with the sheet wrapped around her body. She was crying, but Cai gave her no sympathy. She grabbed the sheet and yanked on it, causing Chrissie to fall onto the floor, nude. Cai took her ankles and pulled her backwards towards the window. Chrissie was rather light and Cai could drag her easily.

"No! Please don't do this!" Chrissie pleaded. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry for everything, okay?" Her nails were dug into the floor, but Cai

only pulled harder.

"Sorry just doesn't cut it." Cai huffed. She reached the window and tried to get Chrissie off the floor, but the girl fought back, kicking and punching at Cai. One of Chrissie's feet smacked right into Cai's chest and sent her backwards.

Cai hit the wall behind her. Cai saw that Chrissie was trying to escape again, but she also saw that Michael had stopped pacing. He must have seen her get hit because he pounded over to Chrissie and grabbed a big handful of her hair. He pulled and Chrissie screamed. She screamed and screamed until half her hair came out and part of her scalp. Michael then tossed her out the window. There was a loud whomp as Chrissie hit the ground next to Jake's now lifeless body.

Michael stood over Cai and lowered his hand. Cai took it and he hoisted her to her feet. "Thanks." Cai said, a hand over her sternum where Chrissie had kicked her.

Michael hooked a finger into the collar of her shirt and pulled at it. "I'm okay, Michael. Really." She gently removed his hand from her shirt, but held on to it. His hand was rough and calloused, but she liked it. Cai looked up into the dark eyes of Michael's mask. She could swear she saw the glint of eyes behind the holes.

After the longest moment of Cai's life, she let Michael's hand fall from her own. "We should go. We still have Vivian and Jeremy left. It would be a shame to leave them out of the party." She gave Michael a smile and she was sure she could feel him smile back.

## 2. Chapter 10

Hello, Readers!

Long time no see! I apologize for the long wait on this next chapter, but I'm back! I hope you all enjoy this next installment of "Set Me Free!"

The first half of this story (chapters 1 - 8):  
[s/9790638/1/Set-Me-Free](https://www.scribd.com/doc/9790638/1/Set-Me-Free)

~Kay

## Chapter 10

"How about this?" Vivian's gaze was smoldering. She slid her hand down the front of Jeremy's pants.

"Yeah!" Jeremy huffed. He bit his lip as Vivian's hand worked its magic. He gripped her face roughly and mashed his mouth into hers. The make-out session was intense to say the least.

Cai nearly gagged in disgust. They were around the back of the house. Jeremy and Vivian had made themselves a spot under a tree to do the do. Cai and Michael were hidden in the overgrowth of the forest. Cai was standing up, but Michael had to crouch down.

It felt like they'd been waiting for forever. Cai took a few steps

towards the dim lantern that lit up the area around Jeremy and Vivian. The longer they waited to take out the remainders, the better the odds that Dana already gotten an army together and was on her way back.

Apparently Cai was moving to urgently. She froze as a stick snapped under her foot. It was loud too.

Vivian shot her head up. "What was that?"

Jeremy, obviously annoyed that she'd pulled her hand from his pants, also sat up. "I heard it too." They both stood up. Vivian held on to Jeremy's arm. Her body was rigid. Scared.

Cai didn't move. She stood totally still as Jeremy shouted in the direction of her hiding spot.

"Hey!" Jeremy called. "Tyler! Just because you couldn't get a date, doesn't mean you need to be a peeping Tom!"

When there was no answer, Jeremy pushed Vivian off of him. "Hang on a sec." He started for the forest.

Cai quietly turned around, trying her best to not make a sound as she walked back towards Michael. "Michael?" Cai whispered as quietly as she could.

Nothing.

She looked around. He was right here, she thought. Cai turned back around and let her breath out, Jeremy wasn't in sight. However, Michael was. He towered over Vivian as she stared off in the direction Jeremy had gone. He just stood there. Menacingly. It may only have been two heartbeats, but it felt like hours. Michael swung his arm around Vivian's face, covering her mouth. Not a sound could be heard as she flailed and kicked.

The entire scene was silent to Cai, but the feelings were very real. The absolute terror in Vivian's eyes and thrashes sent a shiver up Cai's spine. She could see the strain in Vivian's muscles as Michael squeezed. His biceps bulged under his clothing and his stance became ever more rigid.

Vivian's face became the color of a pomegranate. Her flailing slowed down, her nails digging in to Michael's forearm. Cai jumped and brought her hands to her mouth as Vivian's head was crushed under Michael's strength.

Vivian's body crumpled to the ground like a marionette cut from her strings. Even to Cai, that was intense. She was about to call for Michael, when someone pulled her backwards, covering her mouth with a hand. A long, grimy, dirty hand that smelled like sex and alcohol.

It was Cai's turn to thrash around as Jeremy held her tightly to his body. Nearly-silent screams sounded from her as she kicked out at Jeremy.

"Shut up!" He hissed. "Fucking bitch!" He threw her to the ground. Cai fell hard.

"Fuck you, Jeremy!" She shouted back.

Jeremy responded by kicking Cai in the ribs. She curled up, gritting her teeth as the pain stabbed through her side. Jeremy gave her a second kick, this time in the stomach. Cai choked and gasped for breath, wrapping her arms around her middle. She pinched her eyes shut.

"Really?" Jeremy paced in front of her. "Do you really want to mess with me?" He spat at her.

Cai slowly sat up. Pain radiated through her torso. "Oh, yeah?" She began, a smug tone to her voice. "I don't think you want to mess with me."

Jeremy stopped pacing. "What did you just say?" He held his fists at his sides.

Cai wiped a bit of saliva off her mouth. "Do you find it strange that you haven't even heard one of your friends since we've been out here?" She grinned.

"What are you talking about, freak?" Jeremy leaned towards her. It was obvious he was holding back, but it wouldn't be for long.

"They're all dead." Cai's smile grew wider. "I killed them."

Jeremy reared back and thrust the bottom of his foot into Cai's shoulder, sending her backwards. Cai let out a huff as she hit the ground. "What did you just say?" His words were biting. Jeremy took Cai's jaw in one hand and pulled her towards his face until they were mere inches apart. "What in the hell did you just say to me?"

"Look behind you." Cai gestured to the house. Jeremy turned and screamed. The bodies of Jake and Chrissie littered the ground beneath the broken window. Tyler's blackened body rested near the fire pit.

"And that's not all." Cai said. She pointed to the spot under the tree. Jeremy turned, only to see Vivian's nearly headless body.

"No." Jeremy's hands shook. His voice cracked as he held back tears. "Vivian!" He shouted.

Jeremy grabbed Cai by her shirt and hauled her to her feet. The rage in his eyes burned through her like a fire. He pulled a pocket knife out from his jeans, flipped it open, and swiped the blade across Cai's face.

Cai reeled back. Her hands flew up to cover the laceration on her cheek. The wound was hot and sharp pain flooded her face. Warm blood slid out between her fingers and down her arms. The suddenness of it left Cai speechless.

She looked back up just in time to see Jeremy swing at her again with the knife. The knife struck her in the shoulder. Another grazing blow that had blood immediately soaking her sweater. Cai fell back into a

tree. She dodged a third strike by ducking behind it. The knife stabbed the tree, becoming stuck, to which Jeremy made a frustrated growl.

He reached for her, but Cai was finally able to call out. "Get away!" She screamed and moved out of Jeremy's range.

"Get away?" Jeremy screamed back. "Get away!? You have no right, fucking CUNT!" He swung at her again, but he missed. "How do you think the others felt when you killed them!? Did they ask you to 'Get away'!?"

Cai couldn't answer that. The truth was, she didn't care. She didn't care if the other fuckers didn't want to die. She felt like she was doing the world a justice by ridding it of their rudeness.

Blinded by sheer rage, Jeremy lunged for Cai. She was ready for it, however, and swiftly ducked down. She covered her head as Jeremy tripped over her body and went tumbling to the ground. He didn't get up right away. He seemed to be dazed.

Suddenly, Cai realized Michael wasn't there. Surely if he had been, Jeremy would be long dead by now. But he was nowhere. Jeremy groaned loudly, but Cai ignored it. Her heart pounded in her chest and she was painfully aware of her injuries.

"Michaelâ€|?" She asked the darkness. "Are you theâ€""

She was cut short by Jeremy body slamming her to the hard forest floor. The air left her lungs so forcefully she thought she'd choke on her tongue. Cai saw black spots swim across her vision. She felt like she was floating.

Jeremy had pinned her to the ground. "I'll make you pay for killing them." His voice was rasping and harsh. He'd plucked his knife from the tree as it was now back in his hand. He raised the blade above Cai.

Cai could only think about how clichÃ© it was when people talked about moving in slow motion during near death experiences. She wished she could laugh because that is exactly what it was. The knife gleamed in what little light the night had to offer. Cai could hear every long breath Jeremy made. The steam rolling off his breath billowed elegantly into the still air. Her heart boomed louder than thunder and her lungs burned like wildfire.

Out of pure will, and presumably a little help from luck, Cai sucked in one breath and heaved herself upward into Jeremy's face. She held his gaze for less than 1/10th of a second, but it was long enough for her to tell him that he wouldn't be taking her life. Not tonight.

Cai used her strength to shove the bewildered Jeremy over. Now she was pinning him down. He still held the knife securely in his hand, but next to Jeremy's head was a rather large rock. It was about twice the size of his head. It gave Cai an idea.

She hauled Jeremy sideways slightly so his face was resting on top of the rock. Jeremy began to struggle at that point. Cai moved fast. She gripped Jeremy by his hair and the back of his shift collar, lifted

him up, and then used all of her weight to crush his skull into the rock.

The first blow only knocked out a few teeth and broke Jeremy's nose. He yelled in pain, but Cai lifted him again, and smashed him into the rock again. This time, there was blood on the rock. A lot of blood. Jeremy's struggling significantly lessened. Cai did it again. Again. Again. Again.

Her breathing was ragged at best and her body was shaking from the exertion. What little was left of Jeremy's skull and face oozed sticky blood. Bone and brain matter nearly hid the rock completely. Cai dropped Jeremy's dead weight.

Of all the things she was feeling. Pain. Fear. Numbness. Relief was by far the strongest.

They were all dead.

Cai felt her body relax. Her vision blurred. Her eyelids were sliding closed as the adrenaline began to wear off. She fell to the right. She couldn't move. Her arms splayed out to either side though her legs still rested over Jeremy's dead body. Her eyes closed farther.

Through the blurry darkness of her sight, Cai saw a monstrous shadow hover over her. It stooped down and delicately lifted her into its arms. She felt the sensation of moving briefly before unconsciousness took her.

End  
file.